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Reading Room

KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN.

Dear Memory, whose unclouded gaze
  Can pierce the darkest wilds of space,
I see her morning watchfires blaze,
  I feel her breezes fan my face;
I would not give the light she flings
  Across my future landscape scene
For all the pomp and power of kings,
  Lord, keep my memory green.

My feet approach life's western slope,
  Above me bend the noonday skies,
Beyond me spreads the realm of hope,
  Behind the land of memory lies;
I know not what the years may bring
  Of dangers wild or joys serene,
But, turning to the East, I sing,
  Lord, keep my memory green.

Let memory near my soul abide,
  With eye and voice to warn and win,
Till Hope and Memory, side by side,
  Shall walk above the tides of sin.
Till from life's western lakes and rills
  The angel lifts the sunset sheen,
And hangs it o'er the eastern hills,
  Lord, keep my memory green.

O land of winter and of bloom,
  Of singing bird and moaning pine,
Thy golden light, thy tender gloom,
  Thy vales and mountains, all are mine.
Thy holy love of other years,
  With beckoning hands toward me lean,
And whisper through the falling leaves,
  Lord, keep my memory green.

—James G. Clarke.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Jewish Chautauqua Society will hold a convention at Buffalo, New York, July 12-19, at which prominent Jews from all over the United States will be in attendance. This society has as its aim the acquainting of the Jewish people with their own history and with the present movements among them.

Salvation Army statistics show that at least 2,000,000 people attended the street meetings which were held in the United States the last year, and 10,000,000 in the indoor meetings. It is said that the Army has accumulated property in this country worth $4,000,000. Seventy-nine hotels are managed by it. One of the special works of the Army is that of finding lost people, chiefly children. In 1635 inquiries and efforts during the last year they were successful in finding only 120.

In a speech in Congress advocating an increase of the duty on shingles, Senator Piles of Washington set forth the things with which his state is blessed in part as follows: "Washington, Mr. President, is yet young. She will not reach her twentieth birthday until the 11th day of next November. It was my pleasure to see her grow from a Territory to a State. I have watched her progress with affectionate and, I trust, pardonable pride, since the days of early manhood. I have seen her in the throes of a terrible panic, and in the midst of universal prosperity. Her people have at all times and under all conditions—whether favorable or adverse—maintained their faith in her future. You may obstruct her onward march for a time by striking her principal industry a terrible blow; you may give her an army of idle or underpaid men; you may inflict upon her people an unreasonable and unjust loss, but you cannot prevent the fruition of their hopes. Her future is secure. Nature has blessed her beyond compare, given her forests that cannot be approximated elsewhere on the globe save in the States of the Pacific. She gave Washigton the most picturesque of landlocked seas, which reaches back from the ocean into the very heart of the State. She gave her the greatest rivers of the West. Her soil is underlaid with coal and in her mountains are stored iron, copper, lead, and tin and all the precious metals. The water power of her rivers is rivalled only by the falls of Niagara. Her fields are burdened with grain and her orchards are bending with fruit. Her shores are washed by the waves of the greatest of oceans." One would think that a state so highly favored could get along without any duty on shingles, at least without an increase. But the Senator ended his speech with these words: "Will any fair-minded man say, in view of the fact which I have submtited, that the duty on shingles should not be increased?"

The Rev. Charles F. Dole of Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts, has been making a study of Hawaii and the Hawaiians. Concerning what the missionaries did for the Hawaiians he says: "One often catches the tone of utter skepticism whether the work was of any value. You will hear it said that the missionaries were the means of bringing disease, and that later they and their descendants got the best lands for themselves. The fact was that white sailors and adventurers were there—with foreign vice and disease—before the missions were started. Moreover, if you try to find a golden age in Hawaii before the discovery of the islands, you go back to the chronic tribal wars, to frightful and oppressive superstitions, conjurors praying their enemies to death—to the virtual slavery of a large part of the people, to the ownership of all the land by a few chiefs, and, finally, by the one despotic king. No native today would want to return to the life of his forefathers! The natives are said to be, and seem to be, fairly well off, notwithstanding their rather indolent character, and quite enjoy life. On the other hand if you wish to ask what kind of Christians the Hawaiians have become, no one can be enthusiastic. The new modern test (really as early as Jesus) to judge Christians by is, whether you would like to live with them, not only in Heaven, but here. Hawaiian Christians are in this respect 'exceedingly human.' You cannot generalize about them, for they present all gradations of character. The main fact is that the missionaries brought higher standards (in most respects) and helped to establish the modern regime of law and order and outward decency. Give ordinary human nature a fair chance, with a civilizing environment, and it doubtless tends normally to develop a modest kind of moral fruitage. The American missions and schools were certainly a great civilizing agency, and their warm and vigorous humanity is a working leaven in the islands today. Many friends of the natives rather deplore the withdrawal of the missionary control from their churches. The churches, left to themselves, are said not to thrive. Rarely do native ministers succeed in the leadership of the churches. In the background in native households curious heathen superstitions are reported. It is said that the Roman Catholics have never trusted a native enough to ordain him a priest. What shall be said of the success of a mission among people who must always be kept in leading strings? It is fair to suggest that the Hawaiian churches may be feeling the influence of the same subtle forces and changes of custom which are working in every modern community, and which in the long run will probably allow only the fittest to survive." Speaking of the active effort to Christianize the Orientals Mr. Dole asks: "Is this worth while measured again by the test of moral and civilized character?" And he continues: "Many of the unconverted Chinese and Japanese seem to measure up to the Christians as regards qualities which mark a man as human or fit him for Heaven. On the other hand, it is evident that wherever real love is at work, especially in the interest of the poor or weak, or of children, the world always sees results. There is doubtless Christian work of this sort in schools, settlements and missions among the

Orientals in Hawaii. If ever a Chinaman or a Japanese falls in love with the Jesus of the Gospels, has he not got a new and nobler ideal? And is he not likely to be a higher type of man in consequence? The trouble, however, with many of the people who preach about Jesus, not alone in Hawaii, is that their message is so conventional that they give no impression of having fallen in love with any ideal. How can conventional churches, without any touch of enthusiasm or vital conviction, hold their own anywhere?"

In an article entitled "Justice for the Japanese," the Boston Transcript presents some thoughts which call for the attention of all persons who have the welfare of mankind at heart. We quote as follows: "Young Japanese men in this country are taking an active hand in the religious and moral affairs, and in some directions economic affairs, of themselves and their countrymen. There has recently been formed a society of far-reaching aims and membership along these lines. Recruits are being gathered, not on the Western coast merely, but throughout the East, for the prime movers in the society are resident in New York. Even the Japanese consul general in that city is cognizant of what is going on, and declares himself in sympathy with it. A much larger proportion of the young Japanese men in America are Christian than is generally supposed. It is the young men who attend foreign schools, generally Christian, who in Japan are attracted to America, its language and its attractions. Attending these schools, many are converted to Christian ways of thinking and living, and it is from among them that the immigrants to America chiefly come. Yet arriving here, a very small proportion of these young men are gathered into Christian churches here. Of course they are surprised at how little attention is paid them by American Christians, seeing that they are Christian converts. That is the first chill they receive. A next one is their political treatment in not being permitted to become American citizens. It is expected that Japanese young men desire to live by themselves, and have missions of their own. On the contrary, Japanese are too shrewd not to see the baleful effects of the ghetto of any name and so, in the East at any rate, they do not live in the same quarters of one city, nor will they attend a religious mission that is conducted for them. They seek to mix with Americans, and they apply, timidly, of course, for they are a timid and shy race, for admission into established churches. Their grievances are that they cannot, as aliens, secure employment in trades. Most of the three thousand young Japanese resident in New York are servants, and yet most of them are also college graduates. They receive high wages as house servants because they are good and servants that are good are scarce, but they revolt against such service, and the new organization has appealed to the leaders in various Christian bodies to assist them. Recently at Coney Island, acting under a law just passed by the State of New York, two hundred Japanese were thrown out of work on a technicality, and barred from returning. The new law is innocent in itself, and in name does not refer to Japanese. Its leverage is its application to aliens. Members of the society declare that prejudice existing on the Coast is rapidly extending to the East. They say trades are being closed to them, and that Christians do not raise a hand in their behalf. Recruits to the society's rolls are growing daily. Anything but the most peaceful intentions is disclaimed. It is stated that young Japanese now here desire to remain, but they are compelled to return to Japan. Missionary societies are finding their work in Japan injured. The new society, which is rather a federation of organizations of various names in many cities, has not entered politics, and declares it will not do so. It is appealing to the Christian and moral sentiment of Americans for simple justice."

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE GRACE OF GOD.

A Sermon Preached by Rev. Henry Kingman Before the Pomona College Church.

John 3:16: "For God so loved the world that He gave His Only Begotten Son."

I have a far greater subject this morning that I am able to set forth; nevertheless, the little way that we can go with it we will go together, and even to have looked up at these great heights will be to have seen a vision that lifts the soul. We need not be dismayed because we cannot see as fully as we would—we shall see better by and by.

"The magnificence of the divine grace," as Dr. Watson has termed it. For many years past we have been wondering more and more at the magnificence of human achievements. The eighteenth century had not very much to plume itself upon in this regard, but the nineteenth, with its amazing scientific discoveries, has opened to us an ever-widening field of marvels—triumphs of inventive or engineering genius that put our newspaper English under a continual strain to express the bewildering greatness of the last achievement. But while our own abilities and triumphs have been growing more splendid, and we have been giving to man ever a higher and a higher place as the crown of evolution, and while we have been wondering more and more, too, at the world of nature, as we are now able to understand and interpret it through its laws, it is easy to see how we have been growing more and more impatient of anything that lies beyond the range of our capacity to measure, or classify, or understand. We almost resent any appearance of the supernatural, or any claim by it on our attention, as though it had no right to intrude itself into our human world; if we cannot quite get rid of it, we tend to make it smaller and smaller, and less and less significant so that it has dwindled, in popular thought, as our own dignities have increased.

Of course, I do not mean by the supernatural what is unnatural or in violation of law. But simply what lies beyond our familiar range of human life and of ordered scientific process. All that God does is alike natural, whether it be in an incarnation among men through Jesus Christ, or in the dropping of a leaf in autumn; and all the familiar phenomena of nature are alike supernatural, in that the infinite God is behind them all. But we have grown impatient and skeptical of any acts of God that lie outside the common range of life, as our minds have hitherto been able to analyze and understand it, or that lie above the common ranges of thought. Jesus Christ, as a divine revelation of the eternal God, is, of course, the great miracle; but yet he is as natural and rational and intelligible an event as any other, if God chooses so to reeval Himself. But our generation has grown more and more intolerant of anything it cannot measure and fathom and even duplicate; so that more and more men, even in the place of religious teachers, have been striving to bring Jesus Christ quite within our familiar human range, blotting out the

element of wonder and infinite transcendence. Men, too, in these days, they say, can probably do all He did in the way of healing, or of other powers; we too can all be Christs; the halo of his sinlessness has faded or quite disappeared, and there is no reason why we may not be as good as He; men today are equally the saviours of their fellows, and with him make atonement for the weak; and we, also, are sons of God in the same sense as was He, though we have not yet realized our full estate.

And so the thought of God expressed in the person and work of Jesus Christ becomes very easy reading after all—our own understanding can easily measure and explore it; and the divine plan and the divine grace are what we should quite expect of a benevolent parent; we can read God by ourselves in these matters and not go far astray. His thoughts are our thoughts. And so, while the newspapers are so hard put to it to find language to express the latest marvel of engineering or discovery, men are no longer likely to break out as a great thinker once did, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past tracing out!"

Our gaze today is likely to be a little turned away from the magnificence of the divine grace. And yet, if there is a God, his actual ways and works must be, in many things, supernatural to us, sublime and glorious far, far beyond the utmost reach of our imaginings. If even these material heavens stretch away through unthinking spaces to other universes than ours, and if, through gaps in the wide-strewn star-dust of those systems we catch glimpses of infinite depths of black abysmal space beyond, how much more surely must the ocean of God's thought, even as it touches us, stretch on illimitably beyond our powers to conceive, in scope, and grandeur and divinity!

In majesty of love how must his thoughts out-run our imagination, as the far frontiers of space lead beyond the farthest limits of our imagination. Unless this world is an insignificant and trivial place, and unless its God is infinitely less than we had thought, our generation needs anew to humble itself to surprise and wonder in the face of God's way and works. We do wonder at his material creations; but as one said, thousands of years ago, "Lo, these are but the outskirts of his ways, and how small a whisper do we hear of him! But the thunder of his power who can understand!" And that divinest power of the Almighty will be not in crashing of worlds, but in the goodness that makes him God; in such amplitude of grace as shall swallow up all human ideas of it and approaches to it, as the rising ocean embraces and swallows up again the myriad tiny pools that the ebb-tide left along the shore.

It is God's way with the soul that will best disclose his majesty. And for a sight of that way we turn to the Bible. There is the record, age after age, of the slowly rising light of revelation of God; of the slow, halting, painful perception of God's thought by men; and as the light steadily grows, and carries men's thought little by little forward, up past the power of God, and his goodness, and his fatherly love, it reaches its full height at last in the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. And men have always thought that that gospel of the glory of Christ—as Paul calls it—had a noble and clear expression in these words of our text, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son."

Through that verse, as through many others similar, the magnificence of the grace of God looks out upon us. Not in such simple, easily described proportions that we can readily walk around it, and tell its dimensions, when its foundation was laid, and how it was completed, and wherein all its uses lie, but with the mystery of the infinite about it; reaching back into the dark of eternity, and forward into the unknown, and down out of human sight into the nature of God, and outward into the innumerable relationships with human life through the ages—ones' mind stands awe-stricken at the infinite abysses of cloud and darkness out of which this clear ray shines.

But how would you have the plan of the Almighty appear—so obvious and clear that Calvin, or Hegel, or Matthew Arnold could fit into a system and reduce it to syllogisms, so that you and I could say, there is this in it and nothing more? Or must it not come as the ocean beats into the little bay between the rocks, or as the great sun comes into my study window—at one tiny angle of its vast circumference of energy. Yet a little square of sunlight in my room leads me as straight and truly to the sun as though it stretched across the world, and that simple message of God's love in Jesus Christ leads as intimately to his heart as though it left nothing unrevealed.

II.

And now wherein is the magnificence of this simple message? Perhaps we have made a mistake in all this line of thought we have been following, for, now that we have come to the point, it is nothing magnificent that we wish to see. Nothing far off, colossal, splendid, like Mont Blanc shining in the sun; as though we were to admire a sublime doctrine of grace that should be the topmost summit of theological completeness. It is something very different that we have come to see and that we wish to see.

There is nothing magnificent, exactly, about a mother's love for the little baby whose face looks up to hers from within her arms. And yet it is something such we face, when we face the supreme majesty of the Almighty. Something close to us, like the atmosphere of our home and the presence of those we love; something as intimate and personal as the confidence we share only with one or two who know us best. And not something that has chiefly to do with eternites and distant worlds, but with this day and hour, here where we are living; and not so much concerning the human race of ages past and future, of which one wearies to think, as concerning my own little life that—being all I have—is so dear to me. If the infinite grace of God is ever magnificent to me, it will be, because it meets and fits my infinite needs as the mother's arms, embracing, perfectly fit and comfort the tiny helpless child. It is nothing wonderful that the Almighty should be able to hurl a meteor through a million miles of space, but it is wonderful to me if Almighty Holiness should be able to make his home in my heart and make me at home with him; and if he should be able to do this also with my brother and sister who have been trodden down into the mire of wickedness until they seem themselves a part of that evil mire.

"God so loved the world." That is the way the message starts. We all accept that. It is a sort of commonplace of religious thinking. We take it for granted as something that is to be expected of God in any case—as of any benevolent person, writ large. But we do not love the world! A part of it, of course. But not the saloon keeper's world, or that of the innumerable men and women who spoil human souls for gold; not the coarse and viciously vulgar world, that would hoot at us and our nice properties; not the world of graft, or of the race-track and bucket-shop, or even of the sweaters of industry or any of the fellowship of insatiable greed; and even the fash-

ionable and polite world of the fast and sporty set, who are always recruiting the catalogue of scandals, and the vain and empty-headed frivolous, we have very clear ideas as to what we think of them. We love the poor and weak and abused, so long as they will let us help them, and are grateful and appreciative; but when they misunderstand us and ridicule our interest, and abuse us soundly, even our interest in them is apt to flag, if we have once really smarted from their ingratitude.

Perhaps the world today is better than it has ever been! But woe to it if you or I were to be its judges or fix the standard of the love it should receive. But God! looking down on its cruelty and oppression and avarice and vice, generation after generation, Himself misunderstood, hooted at, insulted with insincere worship, hated, outrageously defied, wounded even in the house of his friends, God loved the world.

Are we perfectly sure that it is a matter of course that the Holy One should love us? And who is He that is so pure, and yet so patient with disgusting and defiant vice; who makes himself a friend of sinners by his gentleness? Oh no! it is our callous thoughtlessness that makes us read the words, "God loved the world," almost with nonchalance, as though it were a commonplace. It is a thrilling wonder that breaks the hearts of men and women the most brazen and defiant, if the message can but reach their understanding—if it can penetrate their incredulity at such a marvel.

You saw this last week, some of you, the story and picture of Capt. Jim Cosgrove of the New York fire department, caught with nine of his own men by the back draught in the third story of a burning building, with a few seconds in which to escape. How he ordered his men back, down the single ladder, counted them as they climbed out, to the last man, and then, too late himself, was caught by the explosion of the returning back draught and blown out through the window to the street below.

It is a gloriously commonplace story, shining with the reflection of the divine. And yet it is not in it that we read best the shining grace of God, in that He loved the world. Love meets a higher test even than Captain Cosgrove furnished. We see it better where it is tried and buffeted and baffled by misunderstanding, and ingratitude, and evil returned for good, and yet is patient, forgiving, loving still, out of sheer goodness.

As with that noble old Scotchman, Paton, on Tanna in the New Hebrides, with his wife, giving their fine, fragrant, costly lives to those jeering savages, facing insult daily, living always just in the shadow of death—he actually learning to look undismayed along the rifle barrel leveled at his breast—and all because of what? Because of his sympathy with God! catching in his own life a ray of that splendor of love wherewith God loved the world. Wherewith God meets and surrounds us, this Sabbath morning, as we sit considering Him. This is the atmosphere of home, in which our lives are cast, if we but trust in God; Jesus bade his disciples abide in it, that their joy might be great, even here amid the tantalizing years; a love divine enough to embrace even the sullen world that will not love in answer.

We often think that in that exquisite story Jesus told of the father of the prodigal son, we have the completest picture of what the divine love means. Although the son had left his home, and disgraced his family, had stained his own life with scarlet sins and lost his reputation, had shown himself unworthy of what had once been his home, yet his father waited patiently through the years, with aching heart, hoping always for the day of penitence and return, and ready to forgive with a fulness of love and joy that was overwhelming. As many a father and mother wait today for the son or daughter who have taken the light out of their lives.

But it is not in this picture, exquisite as it is, that we catch sight of the full magnitude of the grace of God. Again and again Jesus gave the suggestion of the heights beyond, but it was not till after his death that men could even imagine what heights those were, or believe in the reality to which they witnessed. "God loved the world"—that is the first step. "God so loved the world that he gave His only Son." That means not only the patient, enduring affection of the father who waits at home for news from the far country—it means the self-sacrifice of God.

You and I will never know in this life just what was the metaphysical relationship of Jesus Christ to the Father, of the only begotten Son to the Eternal God; we inquire, but we inquire in vain. But this we do know, that in every word of its message the New Testament makes plain its central declaration that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself; that what Jesus did he did in expression of the heart of God, so that, as Paul said, "God commendeth his own love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." It is actually in the cross of Christ that we see the highest expression of the divine love.

Not as though our Father's compassion once rose to such a pitch of self-sacrifice that he so suffered to bring us to himself, but that, as has often been said, the truth of the cross is eternal in its nature. Always he spends himself for men; always his love goes out in that marvelous energy to save. If Jesus was a man of sorrows among men, it is because the sorrow for men's distress is a part of the life of God. And when you see Paton among those half-human savages of the New Hebrides, or Livingstone spending himself for the victims of the slave trade in the heart of Africa, or Mrs. Booth among her boys in prison, or any others of that noble fellowship whose lives are an offering to suffering men, you see a ray of the light reflected from the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. So God gives himself to us. And it is this God whom we treat so coolly, as though he were the taskmaster of our lives

You know how a plant in the cellar grows pale and sickly; you know how men in prison, shut away from the open sunlight, take on the prison pallor, like a pining plant. We have learned to adjust ourselves to this fact of our earthly environment that we must have sunshine, if we would be strong, because our bodies are made for it, and through it we drink in life.

How are we adjusting ourselves to the fact of our Father's love? It is as real as the sunshine—it surrounds us as does the light—our spirits are made to live and be strong by its warmth and vital energy. Do we take on the pallor of those who are shut away from the sun? Do we live downcast, as those who never have their faces turned upward in wonder to the heights of the grace of God? Does the world of which we are almost just letting go blind us to the warmth and light of the home that the Father's love makes for his children?

We do well to think again upon these questions. To lift up our eyes to the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, that our lives this day, and tomorrow, and day by day, may reflect his glory, who hath loved us and loosed us from our sins.

THE DANGEROUS YEARS OF HUMAN LIFE.

By Armory H. Bradford, D.D.

An eminent English minister recently spoke of the "dangerous years" of a man's life as not those between sixteen and twenty-five, as is commonly supposed, but as those between forty-five and sixty. The idea, as illustrated by the speaker, was so contrary to the common opinion as to be almost startling. We have been so long accustomed to think of the earlier period of life as one of peril that the thought of peculiar danger in middle life or in old age seems little less than preposterous.

By "dangerous years" we mean the time of moral peril; the time when men are more likely to do things of which we should suppose that they would be ashamed. This is not a question of theory, but of fact. We have become in the habit of thinking of youth as the time for "sowing wild oats," and have jumped to the conclusion that when a few more years have passed, the same man is relatively free from moral and spiritual danger. But a little careful observation of human life shows that in no true sense is youth a peculiarly dangerous period. The perilous years lie beyond the line of forty.

It is manifestly impossible for this subject to be treated in a specific way. We cannot give in detail the evidence to support our conclusions, but we may state it in general terms.

A member of a distinguished New England family, eminent for its social condition and its liberal culture, years ago was convicted of embezzlement and sent to State prison. He was not less than fifty years of age. The weary sentence is still incomplete, although death has been at work in his suffering household.

The junior partner of a prominent banking house of the metropolis is now in prison. He wrecked his bank by using for gambling purposes the securities on which the good name of the firm depended. He was not only between forty-five and fifty years, but one who had been an honored member of a Christian Church, and the head of a beautiful home.

One of the greatest crimes of recent years has only just ceased to be a matter of public attention. An official of a prominent banking house in New York, who had been implicitly trusted, swindled his bank out of hundreds of thousands of dollars. There was no possible defense. Covered with shame himself, and his family disgraced, the criminal has begun to serve a sentence which, when finished, will let him out into the world again an old and feeble man.

This is only one class of sins. Let us turn to another, viz., the sins of the flesh. What a sad and pitiful story is opened before us! A contemporary writer who delights in picturing the darker sides of life, in a recent book gives the world two sketches—sketches not pleasant to read; one of a young man engrossed in illicit relations, and the other of the young man's father, equally eager for forbidden pleasures. The novelist is surely wrong in suggesting, as he surely does, that such characters are common and typical, but he is not wrong in the intimation that sins of passion are quite as likely to overtake the old as the young.

One of the most distinguished of modern editors was found dead where no decent man had a right to be found at any time, and one of the most eminent of modern statesmen, trained in a religious home, and believed to be a religious man, was only saved from inevitable ruin by the generosity of a forgiving and unhappy wife.

Old age is not proof against folly, even if it is not quite so prone to overt acts of wrong. A woman not long ago gave up a lucrative and attractive position to save a father from contracting an alliance which was legal, but utterly unseemly. There is common saying, which has more truth than poetry in it, "There is no fool like an old fool." Old men seem to be singularly open to the fascinations of designing and unprincipled women. Especially are elderly people liable to become victims of drugs. Within a brief period I have known several who, without any evil intention, have grown to be slaves to a merciless tyrant—a tyrant that would not relax his hold upon them until merciful death gave release. Most of these men were in the professions, and nearer fifty than forty years old. If it were not for reviving a now almost forgotten scandal, I might mention the name of one of our most distinguished and deservedly honored American citizens, one who had won renown at home and abroad, who, in a weak and too confident old age well-nigh wrecked his fair fame, and that of his family.

It is not pleasant to recall such facts, and I do not do so in the interest of any morbid or idle curiosity. They are mentioned only in the hope that some who are in moral danger may be warned against too great confidence in a fool's paradise.

What is the explanation of these undeniable facts?

The first suggestion is that courses of mental corruption have begun to bear fruit. Most sins are the efflorescence of long courses of evil thinking. A young man could not be persuaded to steal, but, by allowing himself to think of what he might do, if he had the money, he at length persuades himself that he may take it without incurring the consequences which are inevitable and remorseless. Such processes of reasoning are especially common concerning the sins of animalism. There is a deep ethical philosophy in these words, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee"; and in their echo in the New Testament, "Fix your affections on things above." He whose thoughts are virtuous seldom, if ever, is corrupt in act. Where the gates of the mind are barred against illicit suggestion, vice is almost unknown. Temptation is subjective before it is objective.

Another explanation of the fact that the elder years are dangerous is to be found in the common tendency to lower the ideals as the years are multiplied. Youth is the period of hope and of lofty ideals; but gradually, from being defeated, many come to believe that hope is vain, and, from contact with evil, often are led to think that ideals are only the product of heredity and environment. The possibility of realizing its ideals is the splendid panoply of youth. When hope dies a man is disarmed. When he comes to think that one course of conduct is, perhaps, as good as another, and that ideals are but traditional, all his security is gone. He may then be expected to do what will please him best, even if it does not accord with current ethical standards, or is not agreeable to those around him, or harmonious with his previous record, or will ruin his character.

If I am not mistaken there is a still deeper cause for the singular and sad fact which we are studying, and one which is to be found in a radical error in religious teaching. The popular method in religious education in the past has been to teach that if men do not do right, they will sooner or later be found out and surely punished, and thus the most of us have come to dread punishment more than we dread sin. By punishment I mean the consequences as well as the penalties of wrong-doing. It is a humiliating experience for us to ask ourselves, when we are involved in

a course of evil, whether what we really dread most is the possible exposure, or the enormity of the course which we are pursuing. We have taught our children that sin would inevitably be punished. That is true; but there is something far worse than punishment, and that is the pathetic and awful fact that a spiritual being can choose to live like a beast: that a man who might be as honest as the day can condescend to deceit and dishonesty. Sin is more awful than the suffering which follows. Until a generation is reared which is trained to feel that wrong doing itself is worse than the shame of being found out, that to know ourselves dishonest or unclean is more to be dreaded than public execration, we may expect that the years will grow more dangerous as they multiply. We must train men to abhor evil in itself before we can expect them to be virtuous.

The only safety for any, old or young, is in learning to love the true, the beautiful and the good; in becoming so inspired with lofty ideals that they shall love them for their own sake; in keeping the doors of their minds locked against suggestions of the possible delights of wrong doing and in cultivating the habit of thinking that it is a far more awful thing to do wrong than, having done wrong, to be found out.

Montclair, N. J.

THOMAS TELFORD.

John P. Trowbridge.

The old proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention," is true in two senses: First, in that the needed machine or implement starts a train of thought in the inventor's mind which eventually ends in the production of the thing urgently called for. We have illustrations of our meaning in the invention of the Blanchard lathe, the Whitney cotton-gin, and the Langstroth bee-hive. Secondly: the needy condition—perhaps, the dire poverty—from which some patient artisan, like "a mute, inglorious Milton," is suffering, spurs him on to the accomplishment of a wonderful result in mechanics, in art, in industry, or in any other line of human progress; so that the workman's necessity becomes the parent of his new production. This was the case, as all may know, with Bernard Palissy, who burnt even the furniture of his humble dwelling in the fire of his furnace, seeking to discover the beautiful enamel which still bears his name, and which was slowly perfected by that art of his that perished with him at his death.

Another artisan whose life illustrates our statement, and whose lowly origin seems to have incited him to the noblest efforts in his vocation, was Thomas Telford, the great engineer of England, whose fame and skill are perpetuated in the Menai suspension bridge. Telford was born at Westerkirks, in the county of Dumfries, Scotland, on August 9, 1757, one and a half centuries ago. His father was a shepherd, and in his childhood Thomas was employed as a herdboy among the hills, or in the beautiful vale of the Esk, where his dwelling was located. He had but few days to spend in the schoolroom, but these were used to such a purpose that his quickness and diligence won him a rapid advancement in his lessons. Mathematics were his favorite study, and in later years he mastered the Latin, French, and German languages, gratifying his literary tastes, also, by a wide variety of reading, and the writing of several poems which appeared in the "Poetical Museum," and in Ruddiman's "Weekly Magazine," under the signature of Eskdale Tam.

When Telford had entered his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to a stone-mason in his native village with whom he remained eight years. He was commended by his employer and others for the neatness with which he engraved the letters on monuments and tomb-stones in the marble yard. Concerning this employment he said, long years afterwards, "that it was fraught with great advantage to him, because he learned thereby the necessity of making himself acquainted with every detail in the procuring, preparing, and employing of every kind of material, whether it were the product of the forest, the quarry, or the forge." In 1780 he removed to Edinburgh, and three years later he went up to London, where his remarkable talent as a young builder soon became known, even by such men as Sir William Chambers, the most distinguished architect of England during the last half of the eighteenth century, who at the time of Telford's arrival in the city was engaged in the erection of the Somerset House, his chief enterprise, and who placed Telford in charge of a department of the work. This led to other engagements of a similar nature, especially around the great dock-yards of Portsmouth, and if this engineer and architect had done nothing more than up to this time he had accomplished, his name would have been entitled to a place on the roll of fame. But still greater deeds in a different sphere of service awaited him.

Telford's work in constructing roads, bridges, and canals has far outlasted his own lifetime, and is now to be seen in almost every county in England, Scotland, and Wales. The Caledonian canal connecting the North Sea and the Atlantic ocean, and extending sixty miles through the north of Scotland owes its completion to his genius and persevering skill. The route had been first surveyed by Watt as early as 1773. Nothing, however, resulted from the report of that great engineer,—encouraging as it was, until Telford was called by the government in 1894 to take charge of the enterprise. He pushed it to completion in twenty years, and at a cost of 1,000,000 pounds sterling. Its use saves the coasting trade a distance of more than four hundred miles around the northern shores of Scotland, and through the dangerous waters of the Pentland Firth. This great canal marked a decided advance among the engineering feats of a century ago. David Stevenson said: "In carrying out this remarkable work Telford had to deal with difficulties of no ordinary kind, in rendering available the rugged Highland lakes, and surmounting the summit-level of the glen through which the canal was projected."

But a still greater undertaking awaited this man, who delighted in the vast and the untried, when, in 1820, he began the erection of the bridge across the Menai Straits between the mainland of north Wales and the island of Anglesea, by which travel was extended to Holyhead. This remarkable structure was practically the first suspension bridge of any note ever constructed. The span is 580 feet, and the roadway supported by sixteen chains, is one hundred feet above the high tide level. The chains themselves are each 1714 feet in length from their fastenings in the rock on either side of the strait, and the total weight of each is 121 tons. Leading up to the main piers are seven stone arches which at the time of their construction were of much greater magnitude than any others of their kind in the world, and although the entire structure may now seem small as compared with those more recently planned by Roebling and others, it was once the admiration and wonder of all beholders.

Telford was a genial and generous-hearted man,—an English gentleman of the most noble order. He was fond of young men, and did much to help them in seeking advancement in every laudable profession. He died on the 2nd of September, 1834, and his remains are buried in Westminster Abbey among so many other illustrious sons of the British empire who have passed from earth.

ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Wm. H. Scudder.

Topic for June 27th, "Missionary Pocketbooks."—2 Cor. 9: 6-15.

The laws of the Kingdom are quite a matter of fact, and as certain of result as those which we are accustomed to term "Nature's Laws." Not only "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," but where he sows and how, must be taken into the account. The parable of the Sower emphasizes the where, and our verse 6 the how. Not every harvest will be in accord with the abundance of the seed sown. But as a rule the scant sower will reap accordingly. But what is far more important even than the "bountiful sowing or reaping" is the spirit which animates the sower. "Bountiful" is literally, "with blessings." He who gives of his means with a spirit that invokes blessings upon whatever these means are employed for, will have a harvest of blessings "abundant and unspeakable."

Knowledge is one of the chief factors in the opening of missionary pocketbooks. Promiscuous giving has very little purpose in it. In these days when these, with whom God has endowed great means, are multiplying, it takes a great deal of thought to rightly dispense the money. And this applies to us who have but little to give. Value must always appeal to the human heart if the pocket book is to fly open, and that value depends on knowledge. The first appeal to us comes along the line of the material. Houses and possessions still claim the pocket book, because they are considered good investments, returning value for value. But the horizon is widening. To equip others for life's warfare is appealing to men, and the proportion of gifts to educational institutions has been increasing in the last quarter of a century. But there is another step to be taken. Spiritual values must yet come under the consideration of those who are seeking to benefit the world through the money which God has given them. Our missionary projects are just now languishing. The value of the work does not yet appeal to even the average Christian Endeavorer (and every Christian is supposed to be an Endeavorer!) Knowledge of the conditions is yet wanting, not because it may not be had, but because the interest nearest us absorbs our minds, and appeals to our generosity. The knowledge which you are receiving in your Society will teach a lesson for the next generation, and the Lord's treasury will not be empty when a million or more Endeavorers take up the purpose of advancing the Kingdom through intelligent and systematic giving.

That tenth verse should not be slighted in this subject of missionary pocket books. It recalls the incident of the widow's cruse of oil (1 Kings 17: 14-16). Were we to compare our pecuniary situation to that of the Corinthian Christians, the balance would weigh down on our side in all probability, no matter how poor we may be, for they did not have very much in those days. But Paul did not feel discouraged, because the Christians were poor. He depended on a far greater source of supply than the present condition of the pocketbook. He declares without hesitation that God will give more means to these whose hearts are centered in giving for God's work. It would be worth your while to take this as the central point of your meeting and let each Endeavorer spend a little time hunting up illustrations to prove that Paul was right in this assertion. A church was raising money for some benevolence, when one member responded more liberally than was supposed he should. In a few words the giver said he would double his subscription if the Lord prospered his business. At the end of a year that same man came with more than double, because this tenth verse had been fulfilled to him. This is no isolated case. It could be multiplied a hundredfold. Question? Do we look for the multiplication of the "seed for sowing"? Do we make it the subject of prayer? Do we make it a subject of thought? My boys had a "missionary hen" last year, and for some reason that hen laid more eggs than any other in a large flock. It was so noticeable that one of the boys remarked: "If all the hens would lay like 'Missy' (as we called her), we would get rich! May there not yet be some cause for the Master's words, "O ye of little faith?"

It is an awful thing to face the world's need even with money, which is supposed to be a cure-all. When the Romans spent the most money for maintenance of the citizens in Rome, the vice and crime was not a whit diminished. The world's misery will not be removed even by money. But just here is the pith of Christian giving. Our missionary pocketbooks open that the Gospel may be sent, in a hundred forms—Home Missions, Foreign Missions, Churches, asylums, hospitals, settlements—but whatever the form, we send the cure-all—our glorious Christ. "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift."

CARD OF THANKS.

In view of the announcement made us by our beloved Dr. Savage of the generous gift of Dr. Daniel K. Pearsons,

Resolved, That we render humble thanks to the great Giver of all Good for this munificent gift;

Resolved, That in behalf of the Chicago Theological Seminary, its President, its Trustees, its Faculty, its Alumni, and its Students, we express our hearty gratitude to Dr. Daniel K. Pearsons for his timely and exceedingly generous gift of $100,000. We recall with thankful hearts Dr. and Mrs. Pearsons' previous princely gifts to the Seminary, and we rejoice in the encouragement that this opportune gift gives to the new President and the depleted Faculty in this hour of mingled sadness and joy. With the new courage that has come to us through the renewed beneficence of the Churches and this splendid benefaction, we believe that the Seminary has entered upon a new day of larger usefulness to the Church and the Kingdom of God;

Resolved, That we, the Directors, gladly co-operate with Dr. Daniel K. Pearsons in making this gift a permanent memorial to Mrs. D. K. Pearsons.

Committee:
W. T. McELVEEN,
L. O. BAIRD,
ARCHIBALD HADDEN.

Chicago, Ill., May 12, 1909.

NOTICE.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union will be held in Bethany Church, Bartlett St., San Francisco, Thursday, June 17. Sessions at 11 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. MRS. W. O. LUCAS, Cor. Sec.

Among the Churches

La Canada.—Three were added to the membership of the church at the communion service, June 6.

Redwood.—The communion service was observed in the Redwood church on Sunday last, at which time five young ladies from the Sunday School were received into the church.

Oakley.—This church has invited Rev. W. H. Cooke to become its pastor. Mr. Cooke has been supplying here for some time. The work has grown so splendidly under his leadership that they desire him to remain with them permanently.

Sunol.—The delightfully situated little church at Sunol has suffered through the removal of two of its best families recently. The Chamberlains, who have been so helpful for so many years have gone to Marin county, and Mr. and Mrs. John Trimingham have removed to Cowles.

Murphys.—A very interesting service took place in the Murphys church on June 6th. Two aged people celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at the public church service. The pastor had them on the platform. He preached from the Twenty-third Psalm. A lady of the congregation gave a short history of their lives, and the choir sang "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

San Francisco, Richmond.—The religious census taken in the Richmond District of San Francisco shows the distribution of churches to be about as follows, the larger one being mentioned first, the others following in that order: Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran (German and English combined), Congregational, and Baptist. The pastor of our church, just completing a series of Wednesday lectures on Hebrew history, now begins another on the New Testament.

Sonoma.—The Annual Meeting was again held in the evening and was preceded by a supper at which about seventy-five members and friends were seated. At the business meeting, reports were read from the various branches of the church work and all were encouraging. Several improvements had been made on the church property in the way of fencing and graveling; while around the new parsonage the ground has been cultivated and planted to fruit, flowers and vegetables. Children's Day was observed May 30th, when Rev. M. B. Fisher was present. On May 14th the Annual Meeting of the Sonoma County Sunday School Association was held in our church and was very inspiring.

Heber, Imperial Valley.—Early in May, Rev. R. L. Glasby organized a church to be known as the Verdi Congregational Church. The Verdi district is in the center of a rich farming community, where the nucleus of a new town has been formed with a store, school and church as the foundation. Mr. Glasby organized a Sabbath School here in January. The church officials are all experienced workers and the new church has a bright outlook. Prof. Ralph Williams of the Collegiate Institute is shepherding the little flock. The Council of Recognition will be held in the early fall. It is Mr. Gadsby's desire to form a fellowship of churches in the Imperial country. He has felt his own isolation very keenly and has missed the inspiration and comfort which comes from fellowship.

Oakland, Fourth.—On last Sunday morning six united with the church on confession of faith. A high-class musical and literary program, rendered by selected talent and the Sunday School orchestra, directed by Miss Viola Furth, interested and entertained a good audience, on Thursday evening, June 3rd. The "skit" in living pictures, entitled "Our Family Album," was presented with good effect in costumes of half a century ago by members of the Ladies' Aid Society; the interpretation being decidedly well read by Mrs. Duncan MacDonald, also in picturesque old-fashioned dress. The entertainment closed with the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, represented with most artistic effect by ten young ladies of the Sunday School—the wisdom of the fortunate five being undoubtedly the outgrowth of a year's study and training in the Bible class of the pastor's wife, Mrs. F. H. Maar.

Eureka.—The past year has been one of substantial growth in this church. With the coming of Rev. H. E. Banham, following as he did the harmonious and constructive pastorate of Bro. Ratzell, the church took new confidence in its work. The Sunday School has grown substantially. New members have been received into the church at almost every communion. The church is taking its proper place in the city for influence upon all lines of community activity. At the beginning of the last year a debt of over $1200 had been accumulated. During this year the money has been pledged to pay this off and the current year will see the church again free from debt. Mr. Banham has been chosen for several addresses recently that show the high regard in which both himself and the church is held in the community. The last address he gave was on the Memorial Day observance, a union service of the city in the opera house. The address was helpful and manly. Mr. Banham is a speaker of marked ability. The manly stand he has taken on all public questions has gained him many friends among the substantial citizens of Eureka.

BOULEVARD CONGREGATIONAL

A new name among our Congregational Churches of Northern California. It is situated on Nutley Avenue in a tent near the Boulevard in the suburbs of Oakland. It was recognized by council on Tuesday evening, June 8th. The charter membership is forty-two. The membership is of all ages and experiences. The spirit of fellowship is fine. The outlook for the church is encouraging. Rev. C. R. Brown was moderator of the council and Rev. H. R. Miles scribe.

The public service of recognition of the new church saw the tent full. After a statement by the moderator the scribe read the minutes of the council, Rev. B. D. Naylor of Haywards led in prayer. The new members were received into the church, fourteen of them on confession of faith, and the church was welcomed to the fellowship by Rev. C. R. Brown. The charge to the church was given by Supt. L. D. Rathbone. After the singing of a duet by Miss Lloyd and Mr. Hiller, "He Did Not Die in Vain," very felicitously Mr. Brown prophesied success for the church and congratulated them upon their beginning. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Griffith Griffiths.

The Pacific welcomes this youngest of our churches to the family. It recognizes the orderly and natural development of the church from the Sunday School. The cordial co-operation of the Sunday-school Society and the Home Missionary Society in its development to this point. The rare spirit of fellowship in the people of the community in

organizing the work is gratifying. May there be other works of similar kind to follow.

HUMBOLDT ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES.

There were about twenty enthusiastic delegates present at the Humboldt Association of Congregational Churches held at Loleta Congregational Church, May 25, 1909. All of the county churches were well represented. Rev. L. D. Rathbone, State Superintendent, called the morning session to order at 10:30 o'clock.

Hymn, "He Leadeth Me."

Rev. R. S. Nickerson, pastor of the Rhonerville and Hydesville churches was elected Moderator, George Haerle, pastor of the Loleta, Field'slanding and Falk churches, selected as assistant Moderator and Wm. H. Stephenson of the Falk church as scribe and treasurer.

The morning session was pleasantly spent in listening to the reports of the different churches and a general report by Rev. L. D. Rathbone as he saw it during his visit to the churches, which was very gratifying, as all showed a marked progress during the past year.

At noon a delicious lunch was served by the ladies of Loleta, in the lecture room of the church for the visitors.

The afternoon session was called to order at 2 o'clock, and a devotional service was led by Rev. Nickerson.

A discussion in regard to holding evangelistic meetings during the coming year ended by a motion being carried that the pastors of the several churches act as a committee with Rev. Banham, pastor of the Eureka church, as chairman, with hopes that special revival services be held at each church during the coming year.

Next was a discussion on "Benevolences." The statements of faith and thesis of Candidate George Haerle, who wished to be ordained as a Congregational minister was inorder and the examination led by Rev. Rathbone; all questions were answered satisfactorily, after which the Association voted to be by itself a short session, who rendered a verdict that the Association proceed with the ordination of candidate at evening service. Dinner for delegates was served at 6 o'clock, at the church by the Loleta ladies. The evening service opened at 8 o'clock with song service.

Introductory prayer, Rev. H. E. Banham.

Vocal Solo—Fred McNulty.

Reading of Scriptures—Rev. H. E. Banham.

Instrumental duet by George Haerle and R. S. Nickerson.

Sermon by T. D. Rathbone.

Vocal Solo—Fred McNulty.

Installing prayer—Moderator.

Right hand of Fellowship—Rev. R. S. Nickerson.

Charge to Pastor—Rev. Rathbone.

Address to People—Rev. H. E. Banham.

Prayer—D. H. Sowash.

Benediction—Moderator.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Rev. Henry V. Rominger, who returned to Oregon from South Dakota several months ago, has taken the Rainier church. There is an excellent opportunity for growth there. The city of Rainier has a population of over three thousand and has but two churches, the Methodist and Congregational, and hence is not "overchurched." A strong man, as Mr. Rominger has proved himself to be in other fields, is almost certain to meet with a hearty reception there. Of course, since the population is made up to a large extent of lumbermen—lumbering being the principal industry of the place—Rainier is considered a hard field; but, in the opinion of the writer, there are no "easy" fields. The minister who is looking for an "easy field" has mistaken his "call" and the sooner he abandons his pretensions as a minister and seeks some other avocation, the better it will be for the Church.

And again: A little sanctified common sense, I apprehend, on the part of some of our missionary boards would not be amiss. There is no doubt but these boards intend doing the right thing; but it cannot be expected that the best there is in a minister in the way of service in a missionary parish can be developed on a starvation basis. It would be much better to reduce the number of stations or churches, select strategic points, equip them well, and depend upon the spread of the work from these points, to arouse general interest in the matters of the Kingdom, and therefore secure ultimate self-support, than to scatter ministers over a broad area of territory, where, in the very nature of things, he cannot, under the usual conditions, begin to pay his current bills, be he ever so frugal. As in busniess life, so in the ministry in large measure; the business man who fails to pay his bills soon becomes discredited, loses trade and is forced to the wall; a minister, no matter what his intentions may be, who fails to pay his bills, as he often does, because he must live and provide for those dependent upon him, is in an infinitely worse condition, because he is supposed to be—and should be—an exponent of the worth and importance of the Christian life.

My own idea of the proper method to handle this "vexed" question is this: If a man agrees to take a $1,000 field, for instance, do not compel him to accept $500 or $600 from the Missionary Society, and say to him, "You must get the remainder from your field." The Society should give him outright—unconditionally—$1,000, and every dollar he collects on the field should be rigidly accounted for and paid direct to the Society. Strict business methods on both sides, in my judgment, would, in the long run, be one of the most effective methods of promoting Christian growth that can be conceived of, and at the same time increase in large measure the contributions of the people for the support of the same.

The man who will endow a chair in a theological seminary for the sole purpose of imparting a thorough business education to all preparing for the ministry, will do an unspeakably great service for the Kingdom of our God and His Son. Rightly speaking, true business methods are founded upon exact as well as fair dealing between man and man, and bear a vital relation to righteousness; and from an experience in business life of nearly fifty years, I am persuaded that the failure of scores of ministers with whom I have come into personal touch in varying degrees to properly apprehend the importance of a "square deal" between their parishioners and themselves, is responsible for their failure as ministers, and besides has injured the cause of our Master in ways that cannot be measured.

Mills College is to be congratulated upon the choice of a new president that has been made in the person of Prof. Luella Clay Carson, for many years connected with the department of literature in the University of Oregon at Eugene. She is not only an accomplished Christian lady in the best sense of that expression, and mentally well-equipped

for the important position to which she has been called, but possesses unusual executive ability, and at the same time a remarkable capacity for "getting along" with people, particularly those with whom she may come in touch in the school work.

The third "Rose Festival" of Portland begins tomorrow, lasting one week, and will far excel in scope and beauty all previous achievements of like character. Hitherto this function has been scarcely more than experimental; but the experience of two years has shown that this city has conditions of soil and climate for the propagation of the rose equal to that of the most favored portions of the earth. For more than twenty years a few rosarians of Portland have stoutly maintained that this was true, by reason of the opportunity they have had of comparing the products of their own culture with the best of other localities, not only in the United States, but in Europe as well. Now the people throughout the city, as a rule, have begun the successful cultivation of roses in numberless variety. Yesterday I saw two hundred and twenty-five varieties in a space not more than seventy-five feet square, and the profusion of blooms and the exquisite beauty of their coloring is impossible for me to describe. On the bush alone I counted thirty perfect flowers and more than one hundred well-formed buds just beginning to open out. And all over the city, outside the business districts, the rose bushes abound—all healthy and unspeakably beautiful. Certainly the appellation of "Rose City" has not yet been wrongfully applied to Portland. In fact, the entire Willamette Valley, one hundred and fifty miles long with an average width of fifty miles, might be properly termed the "Valley of Roses," for no condition for the successful propagation of the rose in great variety is found in this city that does not prevail throughout the entire valley.

Portland, June 6, 1909.

PILGRIM BROTHERHOOD'S FINE FELLOWSHIP.

Hayward Church has again been the recipient of a very delightful expression of our gracious and generous Congregational Fellowship. Sunday evening, June 6, a delegation of the Pilgrim Brotherhood gathered from all parts of the country, about 30 of them. The pastor, B. Dent Naylor, extended the pleasure and gratitude of the church for so beautiful and brotherly a manifestation of genuine fellowship. Mr. C. N. Merritt of First Church, Oakland, gave a splendid address on "The Christian Man in Business," stating that the business interests were the dominant interests of the nation, and even strong enough at times to prevent war and compel peace. And that the task of the wide-awake and consecrated business men was to influence and control the business interests of the country in the interests of righteousness and Christian living. To this end there is needed high ideals and lofty purpose, courage and courtesy. The address was replete with apt illustration and convincing winsomeness. It was a well-reasoned and earnest presentation of a great theme. Mr. Arthur Arlett followed with an address on "The Man in the Church," declaring that the alienation of the man from the church, so much discussed in recent years, had been turned into hearty allegiance. And that, while it is still true that in some churches there were few men, in most churches the men were becoming more numerous and prominent than in former years. Mr. Arlett attributed this new influx of men into the church to the sympathetic attitude of the churches at large to labor—its aims and needs; and to the organization of Brotherhoods in all the large denominations. He also spoke of the pleasure that had come to him in other forms of service, and in fraternal circles, but declared incisesively, and yet in the finest Christian spirit, that to him no joy was comparable and no opportunity so great for doing good and making good as those of the church. It was an inspirational address, and a great gathering. Brothers, we thank you. Come again! B. D. N.

JOTTINGS.

Our Central Mission: Two Great Days!

Not as the world counts its great days, but as faith sees them in their bearing on the Kingdom of Christ and the welfare of mankind. This "Kingdom cometh not with observation." There is more blare of trumpets, there are far greater crowds of people, there is a hundred times more use of newspaper space in the welcoming of a single distinguished Frenchmann bringing our city a golden compliment (though none too much of this) than we could expect as attendant on the double dedication of the Central Chinese Mission House in San Francisco. But with an honest purpose to keep cool, to maintain judicial poise, to think impartially, I can clearly see that if we are faithful in the use of the opportunities which this house will bring to us, and if the prayers offered publicly and privately in connection with this dedication are granted, as I firmly believe that they will be, then the remembrance of this scarcely noticed event will live long ages after the other event to which I have alluded will be buried in oblivion. For it will be remembered and be a cause of thanksgiving forever in heaven.

The services occupied two evenings: On June 3rd they were in the Chinese language, on June 4th in our own. At the former, the prayer of dedication was offered by Rev. Jee Gam, our pioneer pastor. The sermon was by Mr. Lee S. Hong, our missionary helper in Los Angeles, who, if Jee Gam be the Paul, is doubtless the Apollos in our Chinese ministry. I regret that I cannot report his sermon, but I know that he brought to his hearers a "magnificent text: "In whom all the building fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord." Those who, happier than myself, could understand his words, hung upon them. Jee Gam told the story of the building. The liveliest half-hour was that in which pastors from the Presbyterian, the Baptist and the Methodist missions expressed their congratulations. The manifest heartiness with which they spoke showed even to me, not knowing a word that they said, that they count us as co-partners, not as competitors, and that thus we may be even more truly and vitally one than if we all bore the same denominational title. We bid them God-speed and the only emulation between us shall be that of Christian service and brotherly love. Something like this was said in response by our brother, Mr. Chin Toy. The service of song was greatly assisted by a small, but really fine, pipe organ placed in our organ recess, which we had no expectation of seeing fully occupied for many a year, by our friend and helper, Mr. L. S. Sherman, of Sherman, Clay & Co. We have the free use of it at a cost far less than its value—if only we had the coin in hand, which alas! we have not. A Chinese male quartet sang gospel songs for us and sang them well. Finally, our brethren in hearty, but what seemed like excessive hospitality, treated the whole crowd which packed the building to its outside door, with cake and ice cream.

The service on Friday evening in the English language was

conducted by the superintendent in the absence of our president, Dr. J. K. McLean, who wrote us from his vacation retreat far north in Siskiyou, a hearty letter of appreciation and regret.

The president of our Board of Directors, Rev. F. M. Price, led us in the prayer of dedication. Rev. S. C. Patterson conducted our opening worship. The choir of Bethany Church, of which he is the pastor, led our praise, greatly to the enjoyment of us all. We owe them, and in our hearts we pay them, a debt of gratitude. Dr. Adams preached to us about the many tongues and the one gospel, in his usual pleasant and instructive way. The superintendent told the story of the building, showing how—most distinctly and preciously—our Lord had made the work his own. Bro. Reid, our preacher-architect, was received with applause and dismissed with still louder applause, speaking to us briefly of his part in the work. Miss Okubo of our Japanese Mission, brought their congratulations in a happy little speech, reinforced afterward with an offering from them,—a part of about $100 paid or pledged—as a starter in the gospel work, for the sake of which the building was erected. About this work I will write another jotting if I can possibly find leizure for it, under the strain of providing for the payment of bills not yet presented, and the sustentation of our current work. This latter alone means $1500 to be gathered each month from now to October 1st, when again I may fall back on the A. M. A.—Amiable Mother of us All!

Evanston, Ill., May 13, 1909.

Editor "The Pacific."

I am requested by the vote of my fellow directors of the Chicago Theological Seminary to acquaint you, and through you, the members of our Churches, with some items of interest that were transacted at the meeting of the Directorate of the Seminary on Wednesday, May 12th.

The item of chiefest importance was, of course, the receipt of the news of Dr. Daniel K. Pearson's gift of $100,000, brought to us most appropriately by our beloved Dr. Savage. That good news was received with joy and prayer, and a telegram was at once sent by Chairman David Fales to the generous donor, and the enclosed resolutions were read by Dr. McElveen and adopted by the Directorate. The Churches will be interested in the following items:

Prof. Ralph Hall Ferris, who has been Acting Professor of New Testament Literature and Interpretation, was elected to the Professorship of that Department. Prof. Magnus E. Peterson was elected Professor of Church History in the Swedish Institute.

A sub-committee, Rev. B. S. Winchester, chairman, brought in a touching tribute to the memory of Dr. Hugh McDonald Scott.

A sub-committee to whom was given President Davis' report, recommended that everyone of his proposals be approved. The most important of these proposals was the establishment of a Seminary Extension Course for men serving Churches in and about Chicago who had not had Seminary training; the advertisement among the ministers of our Churches who live at a distance of the advantages of the Correspondence Courses; and the establishment of a Congregational School for the Training of Women. Other proposals of President Davis that were approved were the establishment of a social center in Fisk Hall for the students, and the modernizing of the bath and lavatory facilities.

Very truly yours,

W. T. McELVEEN.

THE HOME

THE AWAKENING.

An average man awoke one night,
And thought of his past in the pale moonlight;
At times he muttered, at times he moaned,
And once he very distinctly groaned,
At which his guardian spirit inquired
What secret cause this dole inspired?
"Alas, why ask? I'm thinking," said he,
"About the people I used to be.

"There's the simpleton I was then—well,
It really would hardly do to tell;
And the unutterable ass
I was then—but we'll let that pass;
And the awful idiot I was when—
No, don't let's speak of that again;
And the inconceivable fool I made
Of myself when—why don't memories fade,
Or drown, or fly, or die in a hole,
Instead of eternally burning the soul?
But at any rate you now can see
Why I mourn o'er the people I used to be."

The angel smiled with as undefiled
A glance as that of a little child,
And said, "I am musing happily
About the people you're going to be:
The soul that has learned to break its chains,
The heart that grows tenderer through its pains,
The mind made richer for its thought,
The character remorse has wrought
To far undreamed capacities,
The will that sits, a king, at ease."

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

THE UNTRAINED MOTHER.

By Christine Terhune Herrick.

The training for motherhood rarely precedes the arrival of motherhood. Herein it probably differs from nearly every other variety of education. The man who contemplates the adoption of a business or a profession fits himself for its practice by a course of study. The woman who decides to follow a certain avocation acquaints herself with the details of her future work. No employer thinks of putting a totally inexperienced person into a position involving high duties and many responsibilities.

Only to maternity, that highest, noblest, most important of all, does the average woman bring few or no rules for guidance. Too often she is in a state of crass ignorance or holds a trifling estimate of the great task she has undertaken.

The state of mind does not prevail merely in relation to the physical care of the child. Knowledge upon this subject is not difficult to acquire, and even the infant upon whom many experiments are performed by the theory-crammed young mother generally survives and comes out little or none the worse because his fond parent has tried her prentice hand upon his habits of food, sleep and clothing. Far more serious is the risk he runs when fate has consigned him—poor little parcel!—to an undisciplined,

injudicious guardian who has never learned to govern herself and whose ideas as to the guidance of the immortal mind and soul committed to her care are to the last degree hazy.

There are many noble women to whom the coming of a child is not only a joy, but a sacred responsibility. These, when they know that the crowning glory of wifehood is to be theirs, prepare themselves for this gift of God as they would for the reception of the sacrament. Believing, as every thoughtful person must, in pre-natal influence, they "make themselves nests of pleasant thoughts." They strive to become more gentle, more self-controlled. They read and ponder the beautiful thoughts of others and study to put themselves in touch with the great poets and prophets of the race.

Perhaps for a while after the birth of the child, much of this preparation seems to be thrown away. It is not unusual to find a woman who has looked forward to this great event as unmingled rapture, disillusioned by the first few months' life of an ailing, fretful baby. She grows discouraged when the high thoughts, the self-consecration that have preceeded the child's coming seem to have failed to make him a model infant. It is not easy for her to cherish lofty aspirations after a wakeful night, or to be in a heroic frame of mind when the baby is screamnig with the colic. So the mother gets discouraged sometimes and loses heart and ambition. Possibly she slips into the common error of thinking the baby needs no training in obedience while he is a mere mite, and so loses the opportunity to teach him to recognize her authority even while he is in the cradle.

Ideals are easily dismissed and standards are readily lowered, but the mother who yields to the temptation to do either is guilty of a serious mistake. While her baby has his lessons in obedience, she has hers in patience, and of this, the rarest and most difficult of virtues, she can never have too much. Perhaps its culture is the severest part of her training. For unless she is one of those so-called "born mothers," who has a natural and intense love for any and every child, there will be many weary hours for her before the little one has grown old enough for her to feel his presence a real companionship.

There are some women who are utterly happy sitting alone with their babies, content to talk to them, play with them and care for them. They have no desires, no ambitions outside of the nursery. Such women make admirable nurses, without doubt. But there are other mothers who love their children no less and yet have tastes and interests which a three months old infant does not entirely satisfy.

"When I see you with your babies I am always reminded of myself and my paper dolls," said a candid friend to a young mother. "I would work hard making frocks for them and dressing them, but I never cared to play with them. You will do any amount of work for your children, take care of them, make them clothes, nurse them when they are sick, but it bores you to death to have to play with them."

A woman of this type needs training no less than her sister who is absorbed in her children to the exclusion of all else. The latter may have to learn that no form of narrowness is wise, that if she wishes to be a companion to her children when they outgrow the nursery she must take broader views of life than she can gain from the cradle side, that the animal care of her offspring is but a small part of her duty to them. On the other hand, the woman who is bored by play with children must put herself to school to the kindergarten teacher and from them learn to "live with the children" and to make play helpful in the child's development and in her own.

Even the intellectual part of the mother's training is less essential than her practice in discretion, tenderness, self-control, patience. Educational advantages her children may find outside of their home, if necessary. The virtues of unselfishness, of gentle consideration for the happiness of those about them, of command of temper and of tongue they must either learn from her or gain for themselves, later in life, at the price of much suffering to others as well as to their own hearts.

Putting aside the Christian graces, the children of an untrained mother will hardly be remarkable for obedience, courtesy, discretion or sweet reasonableness. "Like mother, like child," has become a truism. Very, very rarely does one gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. An impatient, sharp-tongued mother will hardly have gentle, tractable children. The mother who yields readily to a hot temper, who reproves or punishes a child in a fit of anger, who rebukes unjustly and declines to acknowledge her mistake, need not look to her little ones either for self-control, or for respect for her judgment.

The woman who does not train herself before the days when she has children may expect a hard struggle. Only by bringing all her strength of character and the grace of God to her aid can she hope to compass a fair measure of success in the task she has set herself. And she must never abandon the work. Failure in this endeavor implies too much disaster. It means loss of self-respect and of the respect of her children, and a corresponding deficit in authority and influence. While her boys and girls are physically in the mother's power, she may keep them in outward order by the lash as well as the law. When they outgrow that period she can only hold them if added to their love for her they have full faith in her love for them, confidence in her uprightness, reliance upon her word and her wisdom.

Young People

A MISSIONARY IN TURKEY.

Harpoot, Turkey, April 22, 1909.

To the Young People's Department:

On a commanding situation at the upper edge of a city of ten thousand inhabitants, capital of this state, a missionary was the other day measuring out the site for the ANNIE TRACEY RIGGS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. Twenty-five miles to the south of this patch of ground rise the Taurus mountains, and seventy-five miles to the north is the range of the Anti-Taurus, snow-capped and grand. Between these parallels there are hundreds of towns and cities, all the parish of the building just to be begun. Solemnly the missionary handed a spade to a laborer, and with another spade set a good example. Caravans of camels passed on the great road beside the site. People came eagerly to ask if the work had really begun. The earth was steadily thrown out of the trench, and at a depth of two feet solid rock was reached. The foundation would be sure!

"What is this to be?" asked the laborer, a pleasing Armenian from a distant village. He was very much gratified to learn that he was serving humanity by excavating the basement of a hospital. And then the reason of his interest came out. "My brother, you know, has typhoid fever, and is being cared for by the missionaries in the little

infirmary at Harpoot." "And how came you here?" asked the missionary. "My home is among those Taurus mountains," he replied. "With my father's family live also my uncle's children, and we are surrounded by wild and warlike tribes of Kurds. Patiently we endured much oppression, until finally a Kur one day stole my cousin and carried her off. With my two brothers I started in pursuit. In the fight that we had in trying to recover the girl, my brave little brother hit the Kurd with a farm tool, and he died. Of course the Turkish government imprisoned us,—two of us for a year and a half, and my little brother for five years. And now we are out, and I am very thankful to get this work. And I do hope you will trust me. Leave me to dig out this whole basement, and I will do it faithfully, as God is my overseer."

With trustful satisfaction the missionary left the young man to his task, and went in to the city to ask some advice of the very obliging American consul, to make a contract with a mason, and to prevent the brick-maker from cheating the Hospital funds out of their eye-teeth. Then with a well-digger and a tile man he walked some five miles along the foot-hills, seeking a suitable stream of water which for $1,000 could be brought down to the Hospital, giving ten quarts a minute in the dry season.

On the next day, it being Sunday, the missionary had a religious talk with the typhoid patient brother. To the question, "What do you think of worship?" the pale young man answered, "I have only been able to go to church about once in a year, and I have forgotten how to make the sign of the cross on my breast. Will you teach it to me?" Without a qualm of his theological conscience the Protestant missionary taught the benighted villager the Gregorian sign. "How do you pray?" he next asked. Then he explained, "You see all the prayer I know is at morning and at noon and at night to stand and say 'In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.'" His eyes lighted up with pleasure to hear that God could come into the infirmary and could answer prayers spoken from the heart. "By Allah," he exclaimed, when the missionary rose to go, "I hope you will come again soon, for your words are sweet to me!"

And the solemn anxiety of the foundation digging was turned into the joy of success as in a vision the missionary saw returning to their scattered homes hundreds of converted patients, thanking God for the Annie Tracey Riggs Memorial Hospital.

THE IRON SECRETARY.

Irma B. Matthews.

Secretary Stanton is perhaps better known than was Lamon, but history fails sometimes to do justice to this loyal man also. Loyal, I say, for that he was; loyal to his country, and when he discovered the real man in the president's chair, loyal to him also.

The appointment of Edwin M. Stanton as a member of his cabinet only serves to show the great love of Abraham Lincoln had for his country and his desire to promote her interests before any personal feeling of his own.

Before his appointment Stanton said many things against Lincoln and his administration; in fact, his language was at times most abusive and insulting. He called Lincoln an imbecile, declared his government would be one of corruption.

He is, however, a fine example of a great man, for he was great enough to change his mind and acknowledge that he had changed it.

It is not likely that the president ever knew all of the things Stanton had said, but love of his imperiled country, I think, would have caused him to overlook them if he had.

When Stanton was asked to take the head of the war department he was naturally very much astonished. Not only had he abused Lincoln, but he was also a Democrat.

Lincoln noticed his astonishment, and said: "The life of the nation is in danger. I need the best counsellors around me. I have confidence in your judgment, and have concluded to ask you to become one of them."

After due thought Stanton, for the same reason that Lincoln had offered him the place, decided to accept it—the love of his bleeding country. He was named the Iron Secretary, for he had no mercy for wrong-doers. He thought Lincoln by far too lenient with deserters and the like. He was a terror alike to camp-followers or speculators.

Many and many a time he upbraided Lincoln for his soft heart, and yet with all of his fiery temper, when Lincoln deliberately and cooly made an order, it was obeyed.

It was partly on this account that one of Lincoln's favorite jokes was: "I have not much influence with this administration."

One day in one of his bursts of temper, old Dennis Hanks was present. After Stanton had gone Dennis said:

"Abe, if I was as big and as ugly as you are, I would take him over my knee and spank him."

The president's reply to this was that he was a valuable man, and he was glad to bear his anger for the service he did the nation.

These two men, however, by close association learned each other's true worth, and Stanton loved Lincoln as he deserved.

A few days before the president's death he offered his resignation. He spoke feelingly of Lincoln's friendship and devotion to his country, but he said as he had only taken the office to help through the war he felt his work was ended.

But Lincoln thought differently. He threw his arms around his friend, and told him he must stay. It was a very touching scene to those present. A few days later, when he stood by the bedside of the martyred president, and was told that there was not a ray of hope he wept like a child.

As he looked upon that kind face, still in death, he said: "There lies the most perfect ruler of men who ever lived."

Edwin M. Stanton was born in Ohio in 1814, and died in 1869, deeply regretted by those who had lived to know his sterling worth.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

It was Sunday in the big hotel. It was cheerful and warm enough within, but out on the street the snow was coming in fitful gusts out of the northwest, the home and birthplace of that typical American product—the blizzard, before it starts on its mad career of destruction, with pitiless cold that pierces the very marrow. Guests were scattered round about, some smoking, some reading letters, few doing anything in particular. The hardware man was writing up his orders by a desk near the door. He had a grim, set face, and his voice was as harsh and rasping as one of his own files, but it was generally known that when he went after orders he got them.

The fat man who sold oil, talked to the day clerk in a soft, lubricating tone, as he leaned with one elbow on the

cigar-case. The long, thin man who sold groceries, sat with his feet on the rail, looking out at the increasing storm. The very young, little fellow, who registered from Indianapolis with a great flourish, and who sold white goods, was demanding of the clerk's assistant when he could catch a train for Keokuk, and what was the best hotel, incidentally remarking that his house expected him to stop at the very best, all in a very unnecessarily loud tone; a first-tripper, evidently. He had that fact written all over him; a tenderfoot among veterans, but bless you! he didn't know it. At his last remark one or two looked knowingly at each other, and smiled, advised him to stop at the Newfoundland, corner of Oglesby and Forty-first," and several more smiled at the fiction, but Jake, who had given the advice, kept his face as immobile as a statue. Still another man sat quietly by himself, reading "In His Steps." He had a curious badge or pin on his coat lapel—a pitcher and a torch. How many are there that know what that emblem of ancient Gideon signifies? And yet the number of traveling men now wearing them runs into the thousands.

The snow came driving along with increasing energy, and the comforting warmth within glowed as if in opposition to the elements, then something happened—just a trifle, but enough to break the monotony and quiet of the big hotel office.

The door swung open and a midget of a newsboy stepped inside, pretty well covered with snow from head to foot. His face was very red, and the one ear his scant cap refused to cover, looked nearly frozen. He hesitated but a few seconds to get his bearings, then as the big, gruff hardware man was nearest, he made straight for him. "News?" he said, in a thin, piping voice, but the man with the iron face scribbled away unnoticing. "News?" again, with a hesitating step forward.

This time the man looked up with hih customary scowl and a "What's that?" loud enough to be heard on the second floor.

The boy said nothing, but pulled a mittenless, red, benumbed hand out of his pocket, and clumsily picked out a paper and handed it toward him.

Then the hardware man straightened up, and looked the snowy apparition up and down, and without noticing the extended paper, said:

"Where's your other mitten?"

"Hain't got none," said the boy.

"What you wearing such a hat as that for? You'll freeze your ears."

The boy was evidently getting a little bored. He shifted his feet a little, and said, "'S all I've got. News?"

"And your shoes; look at 'em! Why you ain't got any overshoes on," he fairly roared. "And no overcoat to speak of; say, what you out seling papers for a day like this?"

"Got to," said the boy, bashfully, and then, with an effort, added "Ain't got much coal."

The oil man had walked softly up. The little dude from Indianapols followed. Jake, the clothing man, had showed an interest, and the grocery man had moved his chair over, and sat down near them to listen; then the clerk noticed the boy for the first time, and sang out, "Boy, you had better move on," and the boy started. The hardware man was on his feet in a minute, and with a heavy hand on the boy's shoulder, he fairly roared at the clerk: "You shut up, there; this boy don't move on until I get ready. How many papers you got, sonny?"

"Ten."

"Boys," he continued, "we'll buy him out, and nothing less than ten cents goes."

He took the papers from the boy's trembling arm, and handed them around, and ten men paid ten cents apiece for them.

"Boys," said he, again, "think of a little fellow like him out such a day as this half-dressed."

Then the man with the pitcher and torch spoke up: "Perhaps some of us may have some samples we could spare. Here are some overshoes I think will just fit him," and he stooped down and put the boy's feet in them. Jake said not a word, but went to one of his many trunks marked "Youths' " and brought an overcoat that just fitted. A man who sold caps and gloves, out of Milwaukee, was the next contributor, and by this time you wouldn't have recognized the waif of the streets.

The little fellow from Indianapolis seemed to think it was up to him. He sold white goods. Perhaps there was not much he could do. He turned away, wiping his eyes very suspiciously, opened a long case behind the clerk's desk, and brought out a white silk muffler, and tied it around the youth's neck. The groceryman had nothing but some candy, but he added a half-dollar to it. The hardware man covered the front of the boy with his portly form, and put something into his hand, no one knew what, and said, in a husky voice, "Run along, now, sonny, you've had a good day's business."

The boy stood a moment in the doorway, facing the crowd of traveling men. He tried to speak, but in vain. Then, with a profound bow, he passed out into the street and the storm, and the voice of the man who wore the badge of Gideon, fell like a benediction, "And a little child shall lead them."—E. C. Ferguson.

TWO LITTLE KITTENS.

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel and then to fight;
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the biggest cat,
"You'll have that mouse? We'll see about that."
"I will have that mouse," said the eldest son.
"You shan't have that mouse," said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they both crept in, as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow and cold as ice;
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down to sleep, than to quarrel and fight.

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